





Division.....*I*

Section.....*7*

No.



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THE
MISSIONARY LINK,

FOR THE

Woman's Union Missionary

SOCIETY

OF AMERICA FOR HEATHEN LANDS.



JANUARY, 1867.

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The Missionary Link.

A NEW YEAR opens for our little periodical, but its present pages bring to us all the labors of our dear missionaries and native helpers comprised in the months just past.

In completing the journal of Miss Brittan during her journey for health, provided for by a kind friend, we enjoy her description of the world-renowned Mausoleum, known as the *Taj* at Agra. Mrs. Nichols and Miss Nottingham give us, among many items of progress in their daily duties, an account of the remarkable lecture given in Calcutta by the greatest orator of India, and of the famine, which has ravaged that country. Our Mission Bands will welcome the foreign correspondence devoted exclusively to their work, and in rejoicing over the fruits of their efforts, will feel that no additional spur is needed for future activity.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

REPORTS FROM OUR MISSIONARIES.

INDIA.

Extracts from the Journal of MISS BRITTAN.

ROAD-SIDE SCENES.

February 6th, 1866.--The country above Delhi is much finer than below. All along the road, about a mile apart, are large towns, situated on rising ground, which look well at a distance, but, on a nearer approach you can see nothing but a strange col-

lection of brick walls, of all heights and shapes, with not a sign of a window or scarcely a door visible. In each of these towns there is always one building much larger than the rest, in which the chief man resides. A few hundred yards outside the walls, you will find the tomb of some holy Musselman saint, the site of the town being selected from its vicinity to this place.

About four o'clock we passed Kincaid, a large town whose walls are seventy or eighty feet high, and at a dak bungalow drank a cup of tea. These bungalows are caravansaries, where the better class of travellers may stop and rest, paying by the hour or day for the use of a room, and where also food can be obtained. For the poorer classes there are many little mud huts or shelters built along the roadside. To build these huts is considered by the richer Baboos a very meritorious work; as in former days the most of these poor travellers were those who went on pilgrimages, and they would always offer up their prayers at the sacred places they had visited for those who had built these shelters.

After leaving the bungalow we came immediately in view of the Simla Mountains, a lower range of the Himalayas, the highest points of which are covered with perpetual snow and look very beautiful in the distance.

LODIANA.

February 7th.—I arrived at daybreak at Lodiāna, a city of over 200,000 inhabitants, and was glad enough to get in by a bright fire, as I had passed a cold rainy night. It is much hotter here than in Calcutta, but for four months in the year fires are needed. The houses here, unlike those in Calcutta, have no windows, excepting a small one in the roof, lighting a middle room which has no doors opening outside. Every other room has a door, made partly of glass, which in the hot season is open, with a mat of cuscas against it kept constantly wet. Yet the glare even with this is very great, and the air like the breath of an oven.

MISSION WORK IN LODIANA.

February 8th.—This is a quiet little place, with scarcely a dozen white people besides the missionaries residing here. The

missionaries live within one large compound, in which is placed their church, printing press and orphanage. With the schools and native Christians there are about eight hundred under instruction. In the printing establishment they cast the type and bind and print in Ordo, Hindu, Persian, Arabic and English. A great work is being done, for the seed is thus scattered broadcast over the land. Here they could get into zenanas, but they need three more ladies to attend to that work. At a prayer meeting in English, there were a few of the natives who understood the language sufficiently to join.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

Sunday, February 11th.—This morning I attended church in the mission compound, and in the afternoon went to the little church in the heart of the city, where the missionaries also have a boys' school with over one hundred scholars. It is a rule that the boys who attend the day-school must go to the church. Here I found a number of native Christians and school-boys; but besides these, crowding every standing-place in the building and outside the windows, were a motley crowd of listeners who were all very quiet and well-behaved, though constantly changing, coming and going, very few remaining through the whole service. And thus it always is; the seed is being sown, the results are with God. Mr. Myers and Mr. Henry have also Bible classes there on Sunday morning and say that the boys have been thoroughly taught by their predecessors, and can answer questions not only in the history of the Bible, but also upon its doctrines, better than nine-tenths of the boys at home. They have the knowledge in the head, may God and His Spirit apply it with power to the heart.

CUSTOMS IN LODIANA.

February 12th.—I took a ride through the city to-day, which is really the cleanest, best built and laid out of any native city in India. Everywhere, from Benares up, the mosques are more like what you see in pictures, having tall minarets, from which at sunset you hear the bells calling the faithful to prayer.

At a corner of the main trunk road, leading in and out of the city, sits a tax-gatherer like Matthew at the receipt of custom. He has a little hut made of straw, like a large dog kennel, into which he crawls at night to sleep, but sits outside it all day. The venders of different articles, which pass in and out of the city, must pay their tribute to him.

The women dress very peculiarly in this part of the country, wearing trousers made of a coarse blue cotton cloth, very loose to the knees, but almost tight to the ankle. A sort of waistcoat and a small chudah over the head completes the costume.

THE GOD SHEVE.

February 14th.—The god Sheve is the one most worshipped all over India, generally under the form of a large stone. Below Allahabad temples are built and the stone placed inside, but above that city, large pillars of brick, covered over with plaster made to resemble stone, meet you everywhere. You can scarcely travel a mile without seeing one in the fields or groves, reminding one of God's Word, when it speaks of their setting up their "abominable things upon every high hill and under every green tree." Unless you knew the religion of the country, you would at first suppose these pillars were monuments erected to commemorate different events. You would only be struck with the exact resemblance of each one to the others.

JOURNEY FROM LODIANA TO DELHI.

February 22d.—I left Lodiana, with its kind faces, whom I shall always remember with love, early on the morning of the 20th, as I wished to travel by day over that part of the road which I had passed at night. From Lodiana to Delhi is an immense plain, in many places a very desert, covered with scanty bushes and sand. At first I passed many caravansaries, which were very large buildings with high brick walls of twenty or thirty feet. The walls have eight, ten or twelve towers, twice their height, with holes pierced through where guns may be fired. They are really quite fine-looking buildings at a little distance, giving one

the idea of castles. These were built by the rajahs of the districts, not only as resting places for native travellers who can obtain shelter for themselves and beasts for a cent, but also as a place of safety and defence, into which the people could retire in case of war.

VARIETY OF ANIMATED LIFE.

The principal beauty of the scene to me was the animated life. The long strings of camels plodding along, so quiet and so dignified, or resting with their burdens off, or kneeling meekly to receive their load from the drivers, whose dress is dirty and uncouth, but still picturesque. Then the constant succession of bullock trains, which are immense covered wagons, drawn by four or six animals. As everything north of Delhi is carried by this means, and they have no relays of beasts, you may imagine how long it takes to transport goods a few hundred miles. Sometimes you will meet with a large bullock wagon removing a whole family with all their goods and chattels. Then a smaller one, a little more grand, closely covered up with red curtains (in which you generally find two slits for the eyes), conveying a zenana lady from one place to another. You continually meet men riding on the backs of shaggy buffaloes, with a load beside.

I suppose the worship of the cow here must have originated in the same way as that of the Nile in Egypt—from the great benefit it is to the people. They seem to use all species—the common cow, the zebu, buffalo and bullock. Indeed I do not know what they would do without it.

Most of the trees are entirely leafless now, and everything presents the same withered appearance as with us in winter. The birds are innumerable. At one time you will disturb a flock of beautiful small green parrots, then a covey of quails, then a cloud of ducks or pigeons will soar above your head, while the robins and doves fill in everywhere. There are also quantities of vultures, of several different species, feasting on a carcass or sitting sedate and alone upon the topmost bough of some lofty tree. Now you meet a troop of donkeys, loaded with s and

reminding you of the Israelites travelling into Egypt, or again a woman with a child in her arms riding on one, which is led by a man, recalling pictures of the flight of Mary and Joseph into Egypt. The whole scene is one constant moving panorama.

THE CITY AND MOSQUES OF DELHI.

February 24th.—Reached Delhi about 5 P. M. It is very well laid out with wide streets, and looks as if the authorities took care of it. I went to see the Musjeed, one of the largest mosques in the city, and a very grand and imposing building. There is an immense raised platform, approached on three sides by very wide steps, decreasing gradually in pyramidal form. On the fourth side at one end of the platform, are three rooms, with domes gorgeously painted inside, but white outside. There is nothing in them, but they open toward the East. Here on this platform, with their faces towards the openings, thousands of worshippers perform their devotions. Around the platform is a high and handsome raised wall with beautiful gates, and on the north and south two tall minarets.

THE TAJ AT AGRA.

Monday, February 26th.—From Delhi I went to visit the Taj, a building celebrated all over India. It is the tomb of the wife of a rajah, built two hundred and eighty years ago. Its story is this. One of the Musselman Rajahs had a most beloved wife, who when dying made him promise to build over her grave the most beautiful monument the world had ever seen, and this he has done. When the Rajah died he left word that a handsomer building must be erected for his tomb on the other side of the river, but after many vain attempts at making anything so beautiful, he was buried beside his wife. It is supposed, but no positively known, that the architect was an Italian.

You enter through a handsome gateway into a large enclosure, round three sides of which are wide covered verandahs, supported by pillars, where the traveller may rest shielded from the sun. On the fourth side of the enclosure is a large building, like the pictures we see of mosques, built of handsome red stone.

The large arched doorway is over fifty feet high, which is ornamented with a beautiful wreath of flowers, composed of colored marbles let into the stone. This is the entrance to a large circular hall, with a colored marble pavement, the walls and lofty domes being profusely carved, frescoed and inlaid. Surrounding this centre hall are eight smaller ones, about forty to fifty feet square, greatly decorated.

You now ascend a flight of ninety steps, where a gallery runs round the inside of the dome, from which open sixteen chambers, the roofs rising in small domes, and supported by carved pillars, so handsome and so many, that the eye becomes tired of looking at them. All these chambers are perfectly empty, but it is not until you have walked through them that you can form any conception of the height or size of the building. Forty steps now ascend to the roof, from which arise several small minarets, reached by twenty more steps. You now descend through this building, which is called the gateway, and pass another arched doorway similar and opposite the one you have entered.

Now you come to a broad stone walk, about a quarter of a mile long, through the centre of which runs a canal filled with clear, sparkling water, shaded by magnificent trees. At its end rises the Taj. On either side of the walk is a garden, many acres in extent, kept in exquisite order. I really felt perfectly bewildered before I reached the Taj.

The whole of this building is of white marble, looking as fresh as if it were only just quarried, and on the dome and minarets are numbers of spires of gold. The raised platform, about twenty feet high, is surrounded by a white marble wall, beautifully carved, while the pavement is composed of slabs, two feet square, ornamented in the pattern of a rose.

At each of the four corners of the platform rises a lofty minaret, with a flight of three hundred steps, which are to be ascended for the view. Now you realize all the dreams of the "Arabian Nights." There is the beautiful river Jumna, on which the Taj is placed, the garden, with its magnificent old trees and artificial streams of water, like slender threads, among the parterres of flowers.

Then the city in the distance, with its picturesque old buildings glistening in the sun, and something which sent a thrill of joy through my heart, the tall white spires of two Christian churches, telling that here the story of the Cross could be faithfully preached even in the very domains of the followers of false prophets, none daring to hinder or make afraid. Over all, a cloudless sky, the air balmy and filled with the perfume of flowers, the sweet notes of the many brilliant birds, and the distant sound of bells from the minarets. You could remain for hours, as if in elysium, and I turned away with the remembrance that "only man is vile."

THE MAUSOLEUM OF THE TAJ.

After descending the minaret, you walk across the platform about a hundred feet to the centre building, the walls of which, both outside and in, are covered with wreaths and bouquets in precious stones, all the color of natural flowers. This cost an incredible sum—lacs and lacs of rupees. It really seemed to me that, after seeing this, any other building in the world would fade into insignificance, for language is powerless to give the least idea of it. Now you enter a large vestibule and descend a broad flight of steps to a chamber thirty feet square. In the centre are two marble sarcophagi enclosing the bodies of the Rajah and Rancee, profusely inlaid with flowers and texts in Persian taken from the Koran. A large lamp, kept continually burning, hangs over them. On ascending again you pass into an octagonal chamber, surmounted by a lofty dome, where are two sarcophagi placed over the spot occupied by those in the room below. Here a Musselman priest stood to receive offerings of the devoted, of whom many were coming and going. Their offerings consisted of money, sweetmeats and flowers, the two former being immediately secured by the priest.

A few feet from the sarcophagi was an octagon-shaped screen of white marble, eight or nine feet high, and about five inches thick. This was of the most exquisite workmanship, carved completely through in a delicate tracery of flowers and leaves, but how it had been cut through that thickness of marble it

seemed impossible to imagine. The echoes in this building were wonderful, they were so loud, prolonged and reiterated. If two or three persons spoke together, even softly, the effect was almost deafening.

REFLECTIONS ON THE BUILDING.

I went out into the gardens perfectly bewildered, for, though I had heard this building described several times, it must be seen even to have a faint idea of its grandeur. I stood looking from the garden at it, and thinking of the greatness of that mind which had conceived such a structure. But it instantly struck me how much greater was the mind that had planned a home for the blind, the deaf or the leper. This is a building for time, that for eternity. This, men will come to see, admire and wonder at; that, angels gaze on with love, and God himself looks on well pleased.

This, has gathered together the brightest jewels of earth to adorn the resting-place of a few poor ashes; that, seeks to gather far brighter jewels to adorn the mansions of eternal glory. I hurried away, thanking God for the glorious description in Revelations of the city where not only mighty kings of the earth may make themselves a resting-place and home, but where each one of us, however poor and insignificant, may have an eternal mansion, *saye*, where it is even now prepared for God's dear children, such as "eye hath not seen, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive."

After leaving the Taj, I rode through the bazaar of the city, crossed the river by a bridge of boats, and then visited another Taj. This was built by the father-in-law of the Rajah, who was also his prime minister, for his own resting-place. Like the one I have described, you enter by a large building into a fine garden, and a small Taj meets your eye, which is inlaid with flowers of colored marbles, not, as the other, in precious stones. Were this building anywhere else, it would be considered splendid in the extreme, and ought always be visited first to be appreciated.

ALLAHABAD.

I left Agra in the evening and arrived at Allahabad on Saturday. In the evening we visited the public gardens, kept up at government expense, which contain some handsome public buildings. Among them are the tombs of the rajah, his wife and son, and a well, which had been dug by some rich baboo, as a great work of merit. Two hundred steps lead down to the water, and a caravansarie is built where pilgrims may stop and rest.

RETURN TO CALCUTTA.

March 4th.—I left Allahabad on Tuesday last, and arrived at our home in Calcutta on Wednesday night, finding all well. I have had such a pressure of business that I have had little time to write. Had I the money to pay native teachers, I could have work in one hundred zenanas.

VISIT TO THE RANEE'S.

March 5th.—I have been with Louisa, our native teacher to the Rance's house, who sent for me before I left home for my vacation. Oh, these Bengalees! They never can tell the truth or do anything straightforward. I found it was the very same house which I visited after so much searching. They were not quite sure I was the same lady to whom they had written; and as I did not pronounce the Rance's name quite right, and had forgotten to take her letter with me, they denied all knowledge of any letter, and then afterwards sent for Louisa to know why I had not been there. Now, the women are very anxious to learn; but they will have to wait a little while, as the old Rajah, whom I saw on my first visit, has had an attack of paralysis. Should he die, it would be several months before they could learn.

R— and Environs of Calcutta.

Extracts of Letters from MRS. NICHOLS.

ABSURDITIES OF HINDOO CUSTOMS.

June 29th.—The absurdities of Hindoo customs annoy me very much, for it seems almost impossible that human beings, with any reason, can be so foolish and superstitious. Some of the pupils in one school were quite scandalized because, when marking a pattern on canvas, I put the pencil to my mouth, such a thing being, as I learn, a great offence to a Hindoo. One of the Pundits asked for another room where the girls might go to drink water during school-hours, as, when I first visited the school, by mistake, I had gone into the room, and the pupils could not touch a drop of water there. The answer was, that if they could not drink the water placed for them, they must go without it, as if the teacher had defiled the room by putting her foot in there, it would be just as much defiled by having been bought with money raised by foreigners.

I asked a baboo why they brought a large heap of rice on a brass plate, and allowed it to remain in the room where I was sitting. "Oh," said he, "the rice has not been boiled; if it was cooked it would all be spoiled by your presence in the room!"

A lady at R— told me that she learned one morning that a poor, wretched man had been lying in a ditch, in the pouring rain, near her house all night. She had him removed to a shelter, where he died in an hour or two. Her husband ordered his servants to bury the man, which they all refused to do, until he insisted upon their complying with his orders, and discharged one disobedient man. When the natives see their poor fellow-countrymen in such a state, they seem to have no pity for them, but say "They cannot do any more work, they are not good for anything; let them die!" The servants had proposed that this dead man should be left in the field for the jackals to eat.

Another poor, starved man, the lady I have mentioned was trying to save from death. I never before have seen such a

miserable object, for he was just like a walking skeleton. When he thought he was going to die, and the lady would urge him to take a little broth, he would swallow it, and, on reviving, would lament that his caste had been broken. At first he refused to let anybody cook for him, but was unable to do anything for himself. Oh! what a happy thing it will be for India when all these abominable caste distinctions are swept away.

*ASSISTANCE FROM WOMEN IN ZENANAS.

July 18th.—I hope my plan of working in the zenanas at R— will succeed well. There are now seven houses in which one woman, who can read well herself, is appointed to collect the others—varying from eight to twelve in each house—and teach them every day. This lightens my work very much, for my duties seemed to be growing so onerous they were almost more than I could do properly, and I have a great objection to undertake anything without being able to do it well. If the women do not try to advance their pupils they do not receive their full salary, which is four rupees (\$2) a month. This, for those who have always been shut up and dependent on others, must be a great thing. I think they will do their best for it, as they seem delighted with the arrangements now, and many who teach are desirous to improve themselves in geography, arithmetic, etc.

MOTIVES AMONG BENGALI WOMEN.

I was pleased to hear what a young girl said yesterday, when I asked her to come and see us at our house in Calcutta. At first she said: "Oh, no, we could not, that would be a great disgrace;" but then she added, "we should none of us be afraid to do as our neighbors did, if some one would first go, we would all follow."

This is the way with Bengali women in everything. They only want a leader, and, with a sufficiently strong motive, they would go anywhere and do anything. They act, not according to the dictates of their own consciences, but to the opinion of others.

DIFFICULTY IN COMPREHENDING REGENERATION.

A gentleman, speaking of Hinduism, said : " It is very hard for them to understand the meaning of regeneration, or to recognize the difference between real and nominal Christians, as their religion consists so entirely of outward forms. They think that when a Brahmin assumes the poita, or thread, at the age of seven and eight he is then regenerate, and cannot fail of eternal happiness, and is, in reality, called ' the twice born.' " This shows the necessity of endeavoring to make them understand man's lost and sinful state by nature, and his need of a new and clean heart. This many of them seem to acknowledge, when they have been made acquainted with the history of Adam and Eve and the fall of man.

A young man who attends the Free Kirk here, speaking to Miss Brittan of his mother, whom he wished her to teach the truths of Christianity, said it must be " gently, gently." It is the same with all in the zenanas, if anything is done by missionary effort, it must be " gently, gently."

REMARKS ON JESUS CHRIST.

July 28th.—To-day, the young woman, rightly named " Attraction of the mind," as she is quite a little lady, seeming thoroughly to appreciate all that is cultivated and refined, was repeating a psalm to me, from the Bible she had asked me to give her some time before. Suddenly she said, " My husband, when he was last here, told me to say to you, that those who belong to the Somaj, think Jesus Christ was a very good man and very wise, but not that He is God." I answered, " But at the Somaj, they sometimes read portions of the Bible, why should they believe a part and reject that part which says that our Saviour was God? If they believe that to be false, how can they believe that the rest of the Word is to be relied on?" She told me that her husband was the teacher of a school in Calcutta, and as he would have a holiday the following week, I must see and talk with him. I do not like to argue with these men unless their hearts are touched by the Holy Spirit; but the only thing is, to set before them the plain words of Scripture.

THE BOY TEACHER.

In visiting one school, where a boy teaches, whose name signifies "Undying," I found he had whitewashed the walls, so that the room looked very clean; and as the girls had always sat on the floor, he had contrived to make benches by putting bricks under boards. I have often noticed the Bengali Testament I gave at his request, looks from its thumbed appearance as if it was frequently read. I trust he may, by God's grace and by the reading of His word, become a partaker of everlasting life.

LECTURE BY THE ORATOR OF INDIA.

You would, I am sure, be interested in reading a lecture delivered lately by an educated native called "Jesus Christ; or, Europe and Asia." He is a very noted man, and is called the greatest orator in India. One can scarcely imagine any one expressing the opinion he does, without being a Christian. He calls the Saviour, the "Immortal Child of God," speaks of His death as a great example of self-sacrifice for the cause of truth, but not one word about His atonement for sin or His divinity. He urges ministers to be more earnest in preaching Christian truth from their pulpits, and to be careful and consistent in their lives. It is his opinion, that a great revolution is about to take place in the religion, manners and customs of the people of India, and this I think, is the conviction of most persons who give any attention to what is going on. We might almost say, this revolution has already begun in the education of the women, and we may hope that soon, many of the latter will be brought out of their present state of darkness and ignorance. Not so much that they may be highly educated, but that the pure, full light of the Gospel, may shine into their minds, and that the cross of Christ may be for them not only a beautiful emblem of self-sacrifice to the glory of God, but the accursed tree on which the Saviour hung to take away the sins of the world.

READING CHRISTIAN BOOKS.

I should much like you to see the bright, intelligent face of one

of the women that teaches the school at J., and whose name means "Fairy." I used to think when I first visited her at her house, that she rather objected to Christian books, but she was always so very pleasant, watching for me to leave school and then coming and taking my hand to lead me into the zenanas. She tells me she would like very much to have a Bible and read it. She certainly is a very dear woman, and I pray the reading of the Bible will be blessed to her.

Another woman seems so free from prejudice of any kind, that I hope she will one day acknowledge Jesus as her Saviour. Her brothers-in-law, often caution her against reading Christian books. Yet she is eager to listen when I talk to her on religious subjects, and if she is one of God's elect, we may be sure He will bring out His own, notwithstanding the influences by which she is surrounded. I asked her why a Hindoo lady when threading her needle, never would think of putting the end of the cotton to her lips, to which she answered: "A thing is considered unclean, if put into the mouth. We know it is not, only the old people tell us so."

You would have been amused to see a pretty looking boy, who passed where I was sitting with some parched rice in a basket, when I patted him on the shoulder. Immediately, he dashed the basket and its contents to the ground, saying, that as the "Mem Sahib" had beaten him, he could eat no more of his rice. One would scarcely have thought such a baby could talk, much less have imbibed such ideas.

SUCCESS OF SCHOOLS FOR WOMEN.

August 24th.—A year now has passed since most of the schools at R— were opened, and the progress of the pupils is, on the whole, satisfactory. When children attend a school under the superintendence of a gentleman, they are removed as soon as married; and, of course, cannot be expected to learn more than reading and writing. But this is not the case with these schools under my care. The one I visited yesterday, is filled with girls who are all married and almost grown, and who are

progressing finely with their studies. They have committed to memory a portion of the "Sermon on the Mount," and have been promised a prize when they can repeat the whole. I wish I could send you the pictures of these girls, for they are very pretty looking.

In the same house there is a school of women, taught by "Fairy." She said to me yesterday: "You know you are my mother; you have no daughter and I have no mother, so I will be your daughter." I have heard it is considered the greatest compliment these women can possibly pay to any one, when they call them mother. If they feel very grateful to any person, they say, "You are both father and mother to me."

While examining these classes, I was obliged to remain most of the day in one room, without the least circulation of air, which made the heat, at this season always very trying, almost intolerable. I realized fully what my ideas of India were before I came here. As it is an offence to their prejudices to eat our food in native houses, my want of refreshment added greatly to my faintness.

The Zenana school at J. is growing wonderfully in attainments. K. the teacher would be a splendid woman if thoroughly educated. I find the women living in villages near Calcutta are taller and finer looking than those in the city.

WILLINGNESS TO RECEIVE RELIGIOUS READING.

Everywhere now those who can understand, are beginning to get a head knowledge of the truths of Christianity. With how many it will be also a heart knowledge, God only knows! One of the boy-teachers at my schools for little girls is far more favorable to Christianity than most Hindoos. The Bengali Testament I gave him looks well thumbed, as if it had been pretty well read.

I was anxious the teachers should read "Peep of Day" in Bengali to the little ones, and intending requesting them to do so, when they took up the book and said, "This is not the same volume we have seen before, will you leave this with us?" I then told them that I desired they should teach from it. You may judge from this how willing they are to receive religious

books, and how much easier it is to teach where this is the case, than where one meets with opposition, which however must be sometimes expected.

One day when walking to the station, two boys about seventeen years of age, came up to me and asked for an Old Testament. They said they were reading ancient History in their school, and had heard about God having given ten commandments to Moses on Mount Sinai, and they wished to know what they were. I told them I could give them an Old Testament if they would pay for it, knowing all the Bengalis only value what they have purchased. This they did not seem inclined to do, when I said I would give them each a copy of the Bengali Catechism, in which the Ten Commandments were written.

One boy then asked where the soul went after death. I answered, "Either into happiness or misery; it will never return again into this world." "But," the boy asked again, "how can we tell there is a heaven or a hell, we have never seen either?" I said, "You have never seen your own mind, and yet you believe you have one." I then gave them a little instruction, but I never so much before seemed to realize the darkness and ignorance of the heathen mind with regard to eternal truths.

Calcutta.

Extracts of letters from MISS NOTTINGHAM.

COMPREHENSION OF MISSIONARY WORK.

Calcutta, July 18th.—I have opened four new zenanas lately, where I enjoy going very much. In one of them, the baboo said "You will teach my wife and daughter to read, write, and to work, and to become Christians, I suppose." "Certainly, that is my desire," I answered, "and you must pay me eight annas, a piece per month, for doing it." The baboo laughed, the idea of paying to have his family taught Christianity was a new idea to him. "Well," said he, still laughing, "will you have the pay in advance?"

I write this little item, to show you how perfectly the natives understand our occupation here, not merely to teach them to work,

or read and write, but the truths of "the Word," as it is in Christ Jesus. It is a sad fact, that the women are as prejudiced against Christianity as the men. They are most anxious to have us visit them, and listen with earnest attentiveness to what we teach.

They believe all that we tell them of God, except that He gave His only Son to die for our sins ; that seems too great for them to understand. Of course, as the story of Jesus is most precious to every believer, it is a great trial to feel that His loving message falls upon such hardened hearts. We can but trust that there is much good ground where nothing appears but rocks and stones, and that, by and by, in God's good time, much fruit will be borne to the glory of our Master's Kingdom.

THE PUNDIT'S SECOND MARRIAGE.

I was very much grieved a few days since, by the conduct of my Pundit. He is a very intelligent man, finely educated, and always has seemed to have the good of his people at heart. His wife was a beautiful woman, with a good education, kind, loving and truly devoted to him. About three weeks ago, he married a second wife, leaving the first one to lead a lonely, wretched life. I think the poor woman suffered as much as any European lady would, under similar circumstances. Had her husband not been one of the reformed, his wife might not have expected anything better from him, but he had taught them all to think he despised heathen customs. When the poor woman was told that her husband had left her and married again, she fell in a dead faint, and it was a long time before she revived. She confides all her sufferings to me, but says nothing harsher, than that her husband had deceived her.

It does seem a pity that there is no English law to bring these Brahmins to order, for this same man may marry a hundred wives if he pleases, and each one I believe, is capable of feeling the most bitter anguish on account of it. The deserted woman is reading the Gospels, and she prays most earnestly. The last time I saw her, she told me she felt better, that she had been praying to God and that He comforteth her "here," and she put her hand over her aching heart.

CONTRAST IN APARTMENTS.

August 18th.—Yesterday, I opened a new house in Bow Bazaar, which was exactly like those I read of before I came to India. The baboo had a suite of rooms furnished elegantly; rich carpets, sofas, chairs, beautiful paintings, and statuary, a magnificent centre table covered with vases and curiosities. It really was refreshing to see such beauty and elegance, and I enjoyed it very much. But, alas! I was shown into the woman's apartments, and the tears would come to my eyes, notwithstanding my efforts to restrain them. Ah! how sad. The baboo spoke English to me, and was a gentleman,—his wife sat on a dirty mat, which was thrown on a damp stone floor, her hair uncombed, her one article of clothing a sauce, wretchedly dirty, and the appearance of everything in the miserable little room she was in, was that of lowest heathenism. As there was no chair, I sat down on the mat beside the woman, but in a moment, a servant came in bringing one, saying, "The baboo sent you this chair." My interpreter asked the woman if she went into her husband's room. "Oh! no," she said, "that is his office, people come to see him there." There was not a sign of unhappiness about her; she seemed perfectly contented, and evidently was proud of her husband. I promised to teach her, for which the baboo agreed to pay me *five rupees* a month. That is very well, is it not?

READING OF THE "WORD OF GOD."

I have several good houses in the same vicinity, in which I am very much interested. I have given eight Testaments where I visit regularly, which are read daily by my pupils. Many more will do so, as soon as they can read sufficiently well. You see the hope of introducing the "Word of God," is by no means a vain one.

THE FAMINE.

The famine is *most terrible*. May the Lord deliver us from ever again seeing the horrible sights we are obliged to see. The poor famished creatures have gathered here from all quarters, and the

last official report states that 38,500 starving people have been relieved. One sees walking skeletons in every direction. I have seen children of eight years, blown over by the wind, and full-grown men crawling in the street, too weak to stand. It is heart-rending to see the bony frames trying to walk about. Fancy the tiny babies all wasted away, and yet living and opening their mouths for food, when they cannot open their eyes. Of course, all are doing their utmost to relieve the suffering, yet many die. Last week 81,000 rupees were given, equal to \$40,000. Wednesday evening, there is a prayer meeting to be held in the City Hall, for more rain. May the Lord hear the prayers of His people. The rainy season continues only one month longer, and at the present time, nine inches less of rain has fallen, than in preceding years. The sufferers now, are the natives and poorest classes of East Indian, but should there not be more rain, it is intimated that others besides them, would want. Prices are very high, and everything is dear. In six weeks the first crop of rice will be brought in, and, oh! with what anxious prayers, people are watching and waiting for the harvest. I trust you will all remember us on this subject before the throne of grace.

The hospitals are overflowing with sick, both native and European, and thousands who ought to be sheltered, are obliged to lie out of doors. Pestilence and famine indeed, go hand in hand. I am sure your hearts would bleed for the thousands of poor children left desolate, hundreds of them being thrown by the roadside to die, or be devoured by the jackals and scavenger birds which surround the city. It is impossible to save all from this horrible death, for hunger is so terrible in its effects, that parents have no care for their children. It would be such a work of mercy to take some of them and raise them up for the "work of the Lord."

THE RAINY SEASON.

September 18th.—Our work is steadily growing, and each day it advances in the estimation of the natives. To-day I was prevented from going to my zenanas, as it rained furiously. There

are many narrow lanes or "gullies," as they are called, where we are obliged to walk sometimes even a quarter of a mile, and, after or during a rain it is impossible to do this with safety to health. You would be surprised at the quantity of rain which falls at one time. Sabbath, after a heavy shower, in the broad road, the water stood four inches deep all over it.

Yesterday it rained violently in the morning, but in the afternoon we ventured forth. As I reached one house it began to pour, when one of the girls said: "It rained so much that we thought you would not come to our house to-day, but if you had not we should have been very angry." The mother checked her instantly, saying: "We must not blame our teacher for not coming in the rain, for if she should get sick, she would be obliged to go away off. We must pray to God not to have it rain when we want her to come." It did my heart good to hear her speak in that way. She also gave me some good advice about taking care of myself during this season.

Letter from a Hindoo Lady.

WE give below, with its original style and spelling, a letter written by a Hindoo lady to Miss Brittan, which we may consider a remarkable evidence of the progress of education among the women of India.

MADAM,—I am a Hindoo young lady, have received a tolerable education both in English and Bengali languages, through my husband, whose endeavor is not only to teach me these languages perfectly, but to make me useful, to the purpose of giving education to the females of two villages, the one my birth-place, the other my father-in-law's place. So since last three years, I am continually trying to instruct the girls and ladies of the above named adjacent villages. When I live into my father's, I usually teach no less than fifteen ladies with my utmost energy and capacity. But I regret to say that owing to my being alternately absent, in each of the two places, I feel myself mischievous to the progress of learning and civilization of my students. For

when I come back from my father-in-law's, I find my female pupils quite changed. Then all my labors seem to be ruined into nothingness. So similar is the case with my pupils when I return from my father's. In short, I cannot in any way render permanent good to my students of any one of the villages.

I therefore most respectfully beg leave to ask your favor to assist us with the co-operation of an intelligent young lady proficient in both languages, who can possibly manage my duty with trust and care whenever I shall have the necessity to be absent. I shall keep her under the care of my mother or mother-in-law, who I trust will take due care of her with love and affection. The only thing you shall have to do is to pay for her livelihood till I can make my contributions suited to sympathize with the general want of education in the department of the females, though I have even now some relative young men who are almost prepared to give me pecuniary aid to enable me to carry out my object.

Since a few days I came over to Calcutta to learn the art of knitting and other delicate arts, in hopes that I may in future be able to teach these useful things to my students of the villages. But on account of the excessive heat of this place, to my great disappointment I am obliged to return home. I was waiting every day to welcome your favorable visit in my house here, as I have heard from your appointed Christian lady who attends my sister's house where I am visiting, to teach some of my relatives and friends.

A mingled sensation of joy and sorrow pervades through all my nerves when I consider that you after coming from a distance of hundreds of miles, across vast oceans, and through innumerable perils, are continually engaged in taking so much interest in the cause of the education of the females of our country; while our countrymen residing peaceful at home, possessing immensely greater number of advantages, remain in a manner altogether blind to their duties, and would not show the least sign of rationality and wisdom in such a noble and glorious cause. May heaven prolong your life, and keep your benevolent

disposition always strong, so that my country may have an opportunity to receive a fast growth in learning and civilization. All my wish yours, most sincerely,

N— R— D—.

REPORTS FROM BIBLE READERS.

Dehra, India.

Extracts from the Journal of MARGARET and JULIA.

As our two Bible-readers in this vicinity are sisters, and make their visits together, Miss Beatty, who has kindly undertaken the superintendence of Julia, has translated the journal which is kept by them conjointly.

May 1st, 1866.—My sister and I began to-day to make visits in the morning. We started out at six o'clock and went to one of the villages near, but all the women had gone to their work, some into the fields and some to gather wood. Only a few we met going with their water vessels upon their shoulders to the stream, whom we spoke with.

May 2nd.—To day we met several women, but at first they were not pleased to have us speak to them. We sat down and inquired all about their condition, and then I read to them of that man who asked Jesus "What shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" They became very much interested in what we said, and two or three other women came and sat down while the story was explained to them. One woman said "How shall we obey these commands?" I answered "Those who fear God and hate sin will obey them." For a long time I remained talking with them of the death of Christ.

May 3rd.—To day we went to a village near, and visited a house where a woman sat in great sorrow. I read the 4th chapter of Matthew, and then, asked her, "Do you worship any idol?" She answered, "No, for in a short time all will become Christians and

all will come to you." I asked again, "How will they become Christians?" She said, "In every place sin is seen, and there is nothing else. Wherever we see four men sitting they are saying, 'Come let us go and become Christians.'" So in these days all the people are hearing these things, and the Christian religion is not like any other. All men are sinners, but you people fear God, while in our midst no one fears Him. Here also we declared all the truth about Jesus Christ, and the woman listened with great pleasure.

May 8th.—To day we went to the house of a carpenter and found his wife in great distress. We tried to teach her to place her trust in Jesus, and look to him to give her comfort. We told her that the Father had promised to grant whatever we should ask in the name of his dear Son, and that if he loved us well enough to give Him to die for our sins, he would not deny us any other needed good. The woman said, "Your words give me great comfort." We replied, These are not our words, but those of Jesus.

May 9th.—Went to a poor village where we obtained great comfort. At first we thought, these people are so ignorant they will not understand us, but thank God, he gave them enquiring hearts. Read the first chapter of Matthew, and explained how and why, Christ came into this world, and how much he did and suffered for us. All the children, remained perfectly quiet and listened with great attention, as if they really wished to understand and believe our religion. This thought of David's came to my mind "thy word is sweeter than the honey-comb;" and at this time it seemed very sweet also to them." There were ten women and several children there.

May 11th.—Went to the house of a Musselman where several women were gathered together and after talking with them awhile there, some of them followed us to our own house and listened while we told them how many had followed the Lord Jesus Christ through afflictions.

Madura.

As Mrs. LORD has kindly undertaken to superintend the Bible-reader supported by the Sunday-School of the 2d Presbyterian Church of Cincinnati, O., we give the following extract from her letter :

Extract from the letter of Mrs. LORD.

ELIZABETH THE BIBLE READER.

MADURA, *July 20th*, 1866.—There is a woman Muttammar (Elizabeth Ross) who would make herself very useful as a Bible-reader and visitor. She was educated in our boarding-school, is an active intelligent, efficient woman, well read, and instructed in Bible truths. I have engaged her to commence her labors the 1st of August, when she will keep a daily record of visits and report them to me every Saturday, that I may forward any interesting items to you. May God bless her labors to the salvation of some souls.

EDUCATION AMONG WOMEN.

Thus far Calcutta is further advanced in female education than other places in India. I long to see such progress among the women in all our Indian cities, and in Madura have continually watched for an opening for zenana work. As yet the doors of the high caste families are shut against us, for our presence would pollute them and their houses, but I still hope the time will come when our native men and women will gladly receive instruction. We have one indication of progress in the right direction. In Madura, there is one school of native heathen girls, supported and taught by heathen. The pupils are all high caste, and belong to wealthy families. They are taught reading, writing, arithmetic and geography, and are learning to sew and mark samplers. The educated men, see the importance of having their women taught, but it is hard breaking ancient customs, and combating the native prejudice that it is a disgrace for a woman to know how to read.

Lucknow.

Extracts of letters received from MRS. GRACEY.

LUCKNOW, *October 9th*, 1866.—The money forwarded for the work in Lucknow, has afforded most efficient aid. I enclose an account of the work here which I hope may prove interesting to you. The schools for girls partly among the zenanas at Lucknow are full of interest. My object has been to gain the confidence of the women, by trying to interest myself in their affairs. I tell them that I love them and want to do them good and that when they are educated they will think as we do. In one school which has been in operation a year, the Testament is read by several girls. Some of the pupils continue to attend even when they are married, which is a most encouraging feature. The teachers are all learning English, and are anxious to have singing introduced in the schools. One teacher has a beautiful daughter about sixteen years of age, who is still unmarried. The mother says that as she does not think it right to have women marry so young, she intends to keep her daughter with her until she reaches a suitable age. It is a rare thing for a native woman to think independently of the customs of the country, but I commend her good sense. One of the women attending school, is about to marry her daughter who is also a pupil and only ten years old, to a man of twenty-five. She says nothing would induce her to consent to the marriage but that she is too poor to purchase food and clothing. I sometimes think the superstitions and customs of India, many so degrading and sinful in every sense, can never be uprooted, but I know the work is of God, and his work is sure and will make wise the simple. Many of the best informed women begin to feel that they must be educated in order to be popular, and are making inquiries concerning the general opinion.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

THE October meeting of the Society was held at the house of the President, on the 15th of the month. Rev. Dr. Burchard presided, opening the exercises by reading of the scriptures and prayer. Rev. Mr. Long then addressed the meeting, a missionary recently returned from Bulgaria, for the purpose of superintending the translation of the Bible into the language of the country he now represents. He gave many details of the condition of women in Bulgaria, which, although not so deplorable as in heathen countries, still is sadly different from that of the more favored sex. As an example of the state of society, he mentioned that a man always deemed an apology necessary if, by accident, he spoke of his wife.

One of the sad effects of their want of Christianity was seen in their dread of death, which often overcame the instinct of maternity. At one time Mr. Long was called to the house of strangers, who were grieving over the mortal illness of an only and beloved child. Notwithstanding the passionate love which found vent in agonizing expressions, no sooner had he attempted to minister to the child's last moments, than the mother left the house, and could not be induced to return until her suffering little one had passed away, and all trace of death had been effaced.

Rev. Jonas King, of Greece, entered just as the meeting was closing, and made some very happy allusions to the work being undertaken by the Society, which he compared to that accomplished by the women of Israel, who attended to that department of Tabernacle preparation which could have been done only by them. In suggesting many ways by which women had it in their power to work for the Master, he mentioned a thought which had occurred

to him on hearing that a lady friend had made a gift of a handkerchief worth seventy-five dollars. Had the purchaser devoted fifty from that sum for missionary purposes, and her example had been followed by five hundred ladies, the receipts of the Society would have more than tripled—or had five thousand women in America made this appropriation, a quarter of a million would rapidly have flowed into our treasury. This significant suggestion was earnestly pressed home to every listener whose heart could make the application suited to their circumstances.

Woman in China.

At the Delegate Meeting of the Episcopal Board held recently in Providence, R. I., the cause of woman in China was most earnestly presented by Rev. Mr. Nelson, a missionary who has long and devotedly labored in that Empire. That many of our readers, who may not have been reached by this appeal, may be roused to interest in this field by an acquaintance with the sad facts Mr. Nelson state, we have quoted a portion of his address as given in the *Spirit of Missions*:

“The Chinese theory is that women *have no souls*. The women of China are not the mere drudges of domestic life, as is the case in other heathen countries; on the contrary, they are petted in childhood—if permitted to survive their infancy—and in their bloom are valued for their charms; yet, almost without exception, they receive no education, either intellectual or moral. Why should they be educated? they have no souls! And yet these women are really controlling and shaping the nation’s destiny. In China, as here among us, the influence of the wife and mother is as powerful as it is silent and often unheeded in its workings. We would ask no greater favor of the government of China, than to be allowed to approach the Chinese women with the messages of the Gospel, as through them we

could christianize the nation. But this favor it would be useless to ask or seek. The women are not allowed to enter the native temples, much less our Christian churches. They are almost utterly inaccessible to any other than our female missionaries, for, if a man approaches a Chinese dwelling, the women of the household hasten to withdraw themselves to the inner rooms.

Mr. Nelson "earnestly urged the need of more devoted Christian women in the work of the China Mission. He hoped that among those who were listening to him, some might be moved to offer themselves to this sacred cause. At least, he trusted that his words might awaken increased interest in all hearts, towards that most promising field. The work was well begun. The Scriptures were translated into the language of four hundred millions of people, and were allowed to be circulated everywhere. Missionaries were in high esteem, especially Christian women, who were almost worshipped by the common people. How evidently this whole great country is opened up by Providence for *woman's work!* *She must go there,* and there her labors will be crowned with success."

Domestic Discord in India.

MRS. MULLENS who was one of the pioneers of zenana work in Calcutta, in her book called "Faith and Victory," speaks thus of one sad effect of Hindoo customs :

The custom handed down from their forefathers of having several branches of the same family to reside together in one house causes great discord. The chief cause must ever be the want of Christianity, that elevator of the affections, that softener of the heart, that religion so eminently the friend of woman; but inferior causes are also at work.

Females are kept in such a state of ignorance and degradation that everything that is high and noble in their nature is crushed, almost destroyed. Again, their total want of education deprives them of the pleasure of reading and writing, not to speak of the more elegant accomplishments with which an English lady

may amuse herself, therefore time hangs heavy on their hands, and they have the leisure afforded them for carrying on at will the most perfect system of domestic warfare.

Mission Boxes.

IN a letter dated August 29th, Miss Brittan writes: "I received a note from the Captain of the 'Herald,' in answer to one of mine, telling me that there was a box for me, designed for missionary purposes, from Mrs. Le Roy. I immediately went to the Custom House to secure it, and found it in perfect order, as it was beautifully packed."

On the 8th of October she writes: "The boxes by the 'Henry Harbeck' have arrived in excellent condition. Please give many, many thanks to the kind contributors. It is impossible to specify the numerous articles, but the dolls of every description, particularly, are valuable. Whatever we cannot sell at our fancy fair, will serve for gifts. They will all be useful, and we feel truly thankful particularly, that they came safely."

As the latter boxes were gifts from the Mission Band Fair, and from Le Roy, the donors will be gratified to know of their safe delivery in Calcutta.

Change of the Constitution.

At the Anniversary of the Woman's Union Missionary Society, the Board recommended that the word Patron, in Article 4 of the Constitution, should be changed to the more appropriate name of Life-member.

A person, by the payment of fifty dollars at one time, will become a Life-member, or a Sunday-school or Association may constitute any friend a Life-member, by contributing the same amount. *The names of all such friends will be published only in the Annual Report.*

MISSION-BAND DEPARTMENT.

The Jungle of Benares.

JUST outside the city of Benares, was once a jungle, which is a piece of ground so covered with trees and bushes, that wild animals or bad men, can hide there. Here, a few years ago was a great Suttee place, where the people used to burn the living widows of any man who had died.

You know that little girls are married here, when they are about eight or ten years old. Many of the husbands who are a great deal older than they, die while they are still little children, and, the custom of this country prevents their marriage again. From the time a girl becomes a widow, her husband's father or older brother, sends every day to her, a few cents to buy food, and occasionally a new cloth to wear. She has nothing but what he chooses to give her. One meal a day, and that of the coarsest food, is all she can eat, and once a week, (sometimes twice,) she must fast twenty-four hours. Not even a drop of water, or if she is ill, a drop of medicine, must pass her lips. She can never sleep on a bed, but always on the floor, and must never sit in the presence of her mother-in-law or older sisters, unless they expressly command it. She must be a sort of servant to all the other women, doing whatever drudgery they may choose to impose upon her, and can never pay visits to relations or friends. In fact, miserable as are the lives of all the women, the widows are far worse.

A few years ago, when the Hindoo husband died, it was considered a great disgrace if the widow was not burned alive with his body. The eldest son, or nearest male relative, always lit the wood pile that was to burn the poor woman, the drums beating to drown the screams of agony. If the wood was damp, her agony would be greatly prolonged. If by any chance she

escaped burning, she never could return home, and, even her own children would despise her. Should any one give her food, or assist her in any way, they would become degraded; so she eventually perished of starvation. The English government prevents such murders; but, the lot of a widow, as I have described it, is so hard that many would be almost willing to endure the brief agony of the Suttee, rather than the prolonged suffering of a life of widowhood.

This jungle was also a noted resort of the Thugs, which made it a place of terror to all the inhabitants of India. In explaining to you who are the Thugs, I must first tell you something of the *Caste system* in India. The people are all divided in a great many different Castes, every one looking down with contempt on all below them. Those of one Caste, cannot eat or drink, or intermarry with those of another. Each son is bound to follow the same profession or trade as his father. Now, the business of the Thug is to commit murder, and they think for this purpose they were brought into the world. As they are a secret society, their pretended business is generally peddling.

They worship the goddess Kali or Vengeance, who is supposed to delight in human blood. If they think they are pleasing her by committing murder, they never feel any compunction or sorrow for their wickedness. Their method of killing is, by coming behind the traveller and throwing a noose over his head to strangle him. This is done so skillfully, that the victim is brought to the ground and expires without being able to utter a sound.

The Bishop of Calcutta, once asked a Thug who had been taken by the police, how many persons he had murdered. The man replied: "Four hundred." "And does your conscience not condemn you," said the Bishop. "Why?" he answered. "Am I not born a Thug? Had I been born a carpenter, should I not make houses, but being a Thug, what can I do but the work for which I was created?"

In former times, this was continually occurring, and the murderers were never sought for or punished, but now, the English Government is so active, that this evil is seldom done.

Over this awful spot, which was once a wild jungle and devoted to the Suttee and to the murderers, the Thugs, now stand the buildings of the Church Mission Society. Formerly, where one could see the smoking ashes of the dead, or the mangled limbs of those who had been cruelly murdered, you now see happy children playing about or studying the Word of God. And where you once could hear the screams of the burning wife, as she was being sacrificed, or the groans of the murdered, now you may continually hear the sweet songs of praise to the Redeemer. Now, instead of poor mothers offered to idols, in the same place, you may see them bringing their little ones and offering them to Jesus. Is this not one beautiful change from the horrors of heathenism, to the peaceful happiness brought by our dear Christian religion, for here, truly this "jungle of Benares" has, like the desert "blossomed as a rose." Let us all pray to God that He will hasten the day, when places of horrid cruelty, like this has been, shall be turned by the Gospel of Christ into the abodes of love, joy and peace.

H. G. BRITTAN.

My Little Sunday Scholar.

ON Sunday afternoon at five, I have a class of small boys, in what we should call at home, a "Ragged School." Through the negligence of the Roman Catholic priests, of whom there are a great many in the city, two staunch little Romanists have found their way in my class. One of them is about five years old, and is very intelligent. He knows nearly every story in the Bible, and I think is now acquiring a deeper knowledge of its truths. One day the church-bell chimed while he was in class, when he immediately commenced a series of manœuvres with his hands, which he called "crossing himself." After he had concluded, he turned to the others and said, "Cross yourselves, boys; cross yourselves." I asked him what he was saying, when he looked up with the most pitiful expression and said: "Oh!

the boys did not cross themselves." I have no doubt but that his mind had been filled with the horrors of purgatory.

Once during the lesson, I had occasion to ask, "Who forgave sin?" This little one quickly answered, "The priest." I asked, "What priest?" For an instant he looked blank; but in a moment he sprang to his feet, and with a happy, earnest look, as if a new ray of light had been let into his little soul, he shouted out, "*Jesus Christ, the great High Priest.*" The tears would come to my eyes, for that one answer repaid all my labors in the school.

M. NOTTINGHAM.

Children supported by Specific Contributions.

ELIZA DOUGLASS.

Supported by the Mission Band "BEAUTIFUL STAR," of Pottsville, Pennsylvania.

Miss Nottingham writes:

For Eliza Douglass I have taken the brightest little girl I have seen this many a day, who is about six years old. The past few months of her history is very sad. When the famine, which has spread over India, reached Orya, and there was no more food to be had, the high and low, rich and poor were obliged to set out for some city where they could get rice to eat. Among them were the parents of this little girl. They arrived in Calcutta in great distress, and so nearly famished, that they threw their child, then too weak to walk or speak, in the ditch by the roadside to die. They crept on a little further, hoping to find something to eat, but when they did get something, they were so nearly starved, that the father and mother died almost immediately. The poor little girl lay moaning in the ditch, when a good Samaritan "passed that way," and chanced to hear her. He took her up and carried her to the hospital, where she was tenderly cared for, and getting a little better, was sent to the alms-house. There she was noticed by a friend, who told us

about her, when I went to see her, and finding her so bright and intelligent, I thought we could not find a nicer little girl for the society.

ELLA VAN BRUNT.

Supported by the SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS OF MISS TRAVER, in Newark, New Jersey.

Mrs. Nichols writes :

Aug. 6th.—Miss Brittan tells me that I am to take the orphan “Ella” under my care, and to write from time to time about her. I have not seen much of her yet, but from what I have, I think she is a very nice child. Her two elder sisters who act as interpreters to Miss Brittan and Miss Nottingham, are also very nice girls, the eldest especially is very bright. Ella is now in the orphanage belonging to the Free Kirk of Scotland, and although only ten, is in the first class in English. She reads Indian and English history, learns grammar, geography and the catechism, and her sisters tell me that she also reads the “Entrance Course” in English, which is a selection from English poetry, printed annually for those young men who are studying English, and who go up to the yearly examinations. She must be a very bright child to be so advanced in English and only ten years of age. She was baptized when an infant, somewhere in the country, and her Bengali name is a very pretty one—Karmene, which means “useful.”

ELIZA.

The Native Teacher supported by the Mission Band “HOPEFUL GLEANERS,” of New York.

Miss Brittan writes :

July 30th, 1866. I am so thankful that the Mission Band, “Hopeful Gleaners” will support a teacher. I shall give Eliza to them, who is an orphan girl. She has been taught in one of the orphan asylums, and is the best educated of all my teachers. She is not married yet, so she lives here in the house with us. I will have her write a letter to them by the next mail.

Report of Mission Band "Beautiful Star."

THE following report of the formation and success of one of our Mission Bands, we insert, hoping that many who read it may understand more fully the varied methods by which our work is carried on.

MY DEAR MISS DOREMUS,—I send you a short sketch of the Mission Band "Beautiful Star."

In January, 1866, we held our first meeting. There were present three girls and one boy, another girl sending word that she would be one of our collectors. We then bound ourselves for \$20. Our next meeting was attended by eleven girls and two boys. Still we only felt at liberty to hope for \$20.

By May or June, our numbers had so increased that we felt we might reasonably expect to raise \$50, which would constitute our pastor a patron of your society, and educate a little heathen girl. In July, we had it all collected. Our little child was named Eliza Douglas, and the money for her support for one year was forwarded to you. We have also sent you \$20, which we hope will be used for the general good of the society. We will soon send you \$10 more.

Will you please tell us what kind of clothing would be suitable for our little daughter? We would like to send her a box of such articles as would please and be useful to a dear little orphan girl. Can you forward such a box, and if so, when?

Our Band meets the first Saturday in every month. We read the Scriptures, pray and sing. Our pastor frequently meets us, and gives us a word of caution or encouragement.

I believe it is true that the more we give, the more we wish to give. I find the children ready for almost any good work.

Hoping that your society may extend its influence far and wide, and that many souls may be brought by its instrumentality to know Christ, whom to know aright is life eternal.

I subscribe myself,

E. D. P. KYNOCH,

Superintendent of Band "Beautiful Star."

Pinking the World.

Mrs. Ranyard, in her "Book and its Story," gives the following little incident :

"One of the agents of the London Bible Society exhibited to a school of young ladies a map of the world, on which its moral state was explained by the aid of colors. All were struck with the very small space colored *pink* to represent Christianity. It was observed that the great work in which the Bible Society is engaged, was to *pink* or Christianize the whole population of the earth. Soon after the little lecture had been given, a young girl came to the agent and placed a paper in his hand, containing something heavy. He found it to be money, with the following word of explanation: 'The young ladies of Mrs. E.'s establishment beg Mr. ——'s acceptance of the enclosed trifle towards *pinking* the world.' The money provided twenty-three Testaments and more than nine Bibles."

RULES FOR FORMING MISSION BANDS.

1. An association of the young banded together to aid the "Woman's Union Missionary Society" shall be called a "Mission Band."
2. Each Band shall be responsible for the payment of not less than \$20 a year.
3. A child may become a *Member* of a Mission Band by the annual payment of twenty-five cents. Parents or other adults may become *Honorary Members* by the annual payment of fifty cents.
4. Each member shall be entitled to a certificate of membership provided by the Society.
5. A Mission Band may be formed by four or six young ladies or children acting as collectors, whose duty it shall be to obtain the names of members, return them certificates of membership properly filled out, and also to make yearly collections as they become due.
6. Each Mission Band shall have the superintendence of some lady in the same church where it is formed, whose duty it shall be to watch over and direct the labors of the collectors, see that their payments are duly made to the general Treasurer, and in every way encourage their efforts.
7. Each Mission Band may have the privilege of specifying in what particular field, occupied by the parent Society, they wish their money to be expended.
8. Each Mission Band must select an appropriate name, that no confusion arise in the acknowledgment of money.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

Treasurer's Statement.

Received since last Report, October 1st :

"Zenana" Mission Band, per Miss Julia A. Calef \$25; Union Band of Emmanuel Miss'y Soc'y, per Mrs. S. D. C. Van Bokkelen, for support of child, "Eliza Fishbourne Clibborn," \$50; Mrs. H. P. Williams, Norwich, Ct. \$20; Mrs. E. P. Rogers \$5; per Mrs. M. A. Cole, Broadhead, Wis. \$3.75; Young Ladies' Bible Class of 34th street Ref. Dutch Church, for support of four Mexican girls in a Protestant institution, in Monterey, for four months, \$40 in gold; Mrs. J. Hunt, for same object \$12 in gold; "Juvenile Missionary Society" of Bridge Street Presbyterian church, Georgetown, D. C., per S. E. Peck, Esq., for support of a native teacher \$50; Infant school, per Miss Anna S. Green, Sing Sing, N. Y. \$20; Miss E. B. Ingalls, collector \$4; Miss M. Brittan, collector \$10; Miss J. Abeel, collector \$10; Gertie M. Knowlton \$6; Mrs. A. T. Baxter, sub'r \$20; S. S. class, in Dorchester, Mass., per Mrs. Elbridge Torrey \$10; Young ladies in First Presbyterian church, Syracuse, N. Y., per Mrs. P. W. Fobes \$50; Mary R. Sanford \$1.25; The "Gospel Bearers," per Mrs. Berdan \$20; Mrs. Buttolph, collector, Trenton, N. J. \$15; Mrs. W. A. Hallock, collector \$20; Miss L. Le Roy, Fairfield, Ct. \$20; Mrs. Dodge, Elizabeth, N. J. \$15; Three U. S. Coupons, at \$30 each—\$90 gold = \$132.75 currency; "Plymouth Band," per Mrs. G. C. Hutchinson \$36.75; Miss S. D. Doremus, sub'r \$20; Mrs. Foster, Cinn., Ohio \$20; Mrs. Wm. Tracey \$20; "E." New Brunswick, N. J., per Mr. G. G. Smith \$2; St. Michael's S. S., Trenton, N. J., per Mrs. Buttolph \$20; Mrs. Charles Park \$5; Mrs. S. P. Farrington, Chicago, Ill. \$20; Miss Clara H. Thomas, coll'r, Rome, Oneida Co., N. Y. \$20; Mrs. Jacob Van Arsdale, Newark, N. J. \$5; per Mrs. Van Arsdale, Mrs. Frederick Frelinghuysen \$5; Mrs. J. N. Tuttle \$5, Miss Cornelia Halsey \$5, Mrs. Stephen Condit \$3; Mrs. E. O. Grosvenor, Jonesville, Mich. \$14; Mrs. M. J. Dexter, Pavillion, N. Y. \$20; Branch Society, Elizabeth, N. J., per Mrs. G. T. Mulford, Treasurer \$46.46; Mrs. E. C. Wilcox, collector \$22; "Murray Hill Mite Society,"

per Mrs. B. B. Atterbury \$20; "Boston Auxiliary" \$100, including \$30 from the "Pauline Band," and \$20 from the widow of a clergyman, for a Baptist field; Mrs. R. L. Wyckoff, collector \$7; Miss M. A. Hamilton, collector \$15; Mrs. W. B. Munn \$5; "Lambs of the Flock," per Miss Bella Jones \$21.38; Subscriptions for "Missionary Link" \$20; Mrs. James Williamson, collector \$74.50, including \$50 from Mr. Williamson; Miss M. A. Gardiner, collector \$220, including \$20 from A Friend; "Hopeful Gleaners," Blanche Andrews, treasurer, per Miss S. J. Lee \$86; Horace Gray, Esq., per Mrs. T. C. Doremus \$110; S. S. of Middle Reformed Dutch church, Brooklyn, per Miss Nellie J. Lewis \$24.50; Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts, sub'r \$20; Mrs. Calvin Adams \$20, per Mrs. Buttolph, Trenton, N. J. collected by Miss Beatty \$3; Mission Band "Rose of Sharon," in Stratford, Conn., per Mrs. Talbot \$25; Mrs. T. C. Doremus, sub'n \$25; Infant Department of Mission Sabbath school connected with the South Dutch church, N. Y., \$40 to support a child called "Laura Graham," in India; Mrs. Wm. Littlefield, Newport, R. I. \$20; S. S. of 4th Presbyterian Church, Trenton, N. J., per Mrs. Buttolph \$20.

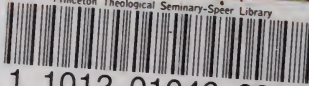
We gratefully acknowledge donations for Missionary boxes from the following kind friends:

A knit breakfast cape from Mrs. James Williamson; Patterns from Mrs. Thomas Loring, of Hingham, Mass.; Fancy articles, prints and books from Miss Abeel; Bead pen-wipers from Mrs. Walter Baker, of Dorchester, Mass.; Fancy articles, books, prints, cards and materials from Mission Band "First Fruits;" One large box of fancy articles, moss crosses, etc.; A framed collection of flowers and leaves from Mission Band, H. G. Brittan, of Brooklyn; A box of mosses and leaves from "Ladies' Missionary Society," of Wakefield, N. H.; A sampler worked by Eugene Church Nixon.

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